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AND BULLETIN;
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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
FAREWELL.

Yes, breathe it now, this lingering spell,
That sadly solemn, deep farewell;
Yet breathe it softly, lest the sound
Back on thy heart in echoes bound.
Oh! be it silent as the breath,
The fearful murmurings of death;
Let it be deep, that feeling's swell
Alone may speak—farewell! farewell!

Give it no sound, though 'twere more low
Than a calm streamlet's stillest flow,
More gentle than the air that waves
Its noiseless way 'mong fallen leaves;
Silent as the descending shower,
That nightly dews the budding flower;
Yes, yes, e'en noiseless as they fell,
Be that dread word—farewell! farewell! C. H. W.

From the Casket for May.
TO THE MEMORY OF LOUISA.

I know that thou art dead,
And thy soul to judgment fled;
O'er the doom, by justice read,
May mercy's pard'ning tears be shed.

Though frail, how passing fair
Were the charms that wither'd there,
'Neath the grasp of stern despair,
And weight of penitential care.

Though thy noon of life was shorn
Of the rays that deck'd its morn,
Alas! from friends and country torn,
By stranger hands thy bier was borne.

Though thy dark and devious way
Far from hope or comfort lay,
And pangs which few can brook to pay,
Dislodged thy spirit from its clay;

Still 'twas thine, without a sigh,
To meekly suffer—and to die:
And on Him to fix thine eye,
Who for sinners pleads on high.

Still, within a sister's heart,
Shall thine image as thou wert
In thy bloom of young desert,
Dwell till life and memory part. LUCY.

Written for the Casket.
ESSAY.
IS POVERTY FAVORABLE TO GENIUS?

What is genius? It is an intellectual thirsting for knowledge; it is the unfolding of a mind of deep and intense thought, gained by application, and concentred by close and unremitting commune with itself. It is not the meteoric flash, that brightens, illumes, and disappears, while the plaudits of an admiring multitude are sounding long and loud. It is the rising sun, whose splendors we can scarcely trace, in the faint beams of morning twilight, but whose progress onward and upwards, can only reveal its living beauties. For genius such as we have described—its home is no chosen spot; it will flourish beside the Alpine flower; it will breathe in the atmosphere of despotism; its hallowed influence is felt on the heights of Parnassus, and on the sunny soil of the tropics;—but we think the absence of luxury, and many of those comforts which gladden the path of life, instead of extinguishing the fires of genius, tend rather to make them glow with more fervent heat.

In the web of life, the mind and body are strangely and intimately interwoven with each other, and a reciprocal influence is constantly exerted. The system acts upon the mind, and the mind upon the system. If such be the fact, and such we see it, the influence of luxury in enervating the human frame, does not rest upon matter alone; it is felt in its breadth and extent, upon the intellectual part of our being. Luxury gratifies every appetite; but gratification only awakens and creates others, which in their turn crave to be satisfied, until the constitution at length is undermined by excess, and its vigor and strength are sapped at their foundations.—Riches bring a plenitude of pleasures, which riches alone can purchase; pleasures touching the passions and kindling the imagination. The mind becomes fascinated and excited; but it is a thrilling excitement, playing upon the feelings, without producing in the end the charms of rational enjoyment. Objects, new and novel, are continually presented to the senses, dividing the attention by their beauty and variety;—no restraints are placed to repress the ardor of youthful feeling; the gush of opening passion, until the vigor of thought and strength of the understanding are wasted away, upon vain and frivolous objects, and the activity sinks into sluggish indifference—though young in years, the beautiful fabric of the mind will become the dwelling of wayward fancies and unhallowed thoughts, incapacitated for these high intellectual delights which need perseverance to attain, and discipline to appreciate.

Place that mind only amid discouragements and danger; separate from worldly comforts; compass it with adversity. There lie coiled in the human heart, energies which need a powerful stimulus to draw them forth; energies which become better fitted for action, the more they are called into exercise—let these energies be once awaked by genius in the sphere where this mind is placed, it will find no illusive delights, no flattering charms to attract and draw it away, and thus all its hopes and aspirations will be tending to one single point. We would, if one or some of the senses be wanting, all these slight suggestions which were unnoticed, when all the organs were in healthful play, have their character and reality; even so when other sources of emolument and enjoyment be denied us, our energies are directed to one with tenfold earnestness. Obstacles will oppose the progress of knowledge; but, instead of discouraging, they nerve the spirit to greater diligence—it matters not how great they may be, for an ardent aspiring mind; they call for perseverance, for intenser application, and these become that discipline which will tune it for knowledge, as the harp is tuned to receive the rising breeze.

What is common is lightly estimated; advantages within our grasp, or which seem ours by right, are too often perverted and misimproved, but when effort *must* be used to attain them, far greater is the value with which they are appreciated; they bring with them a responsibility that such privileges *must* not pass unimproved; and if attainments *are* to be made, the time will admit *no* delay, no procrastination; and such a consciousness as *this* will kindle life, and energy, and action. The price of labor in the moral, as well as the physical world, is never given to indolence; and though the vast spires of science and wisdom lay out in rich profusion, unwearied perseverance will alone render them ours.

That mind will arrive to maturity, vitiated by no excesses, debased by no indulged appetites, which are too frequent, though not necessarily the concomitants of wealth, and which arise from the unlimited gratification of those social feelings and love of pleasure, that are innate in our constitution: but that person will arrive to maturity, with an understanding invigorated, passion subdued, and an intellect "mating with the pure essences of heaven."

There is something like majesty in a mind, overcoming the obstacles of circumstances and situation in search of truth and wisdom, and knowledge; they are bright examples of human capacity, worthy of admiration and worthy of imitation. HELEN C. CROSS.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

This eminent citizen is no more. The man who for thirty five years has maintained a preeminent rank among the Statesmen and Patriots of America—whose extensive acquirements, deep research, unrivalled eloquence—whose wit, sarcasm and pointed remarks—whose firm support and untiring opposition, placed far behind him contemporaneous rivals and adverse politicians, breathed his last amongst us on the 24th ult. Here on the spot where he commenced his political career—where his youthful efforts excited so much attention—on the spot where the Declaration of Independence was adopted, where the Constitution was accepted, and where he manfully defended the principles and doctrines of those immortal instruments, he yielded his last breath—at a distance from that soil he held so sacred and dear—at a distance from those faithful constituents who knew and cherished him—from those sure friends who were devoted to him, and from his household servants, whose fatherly kindness had always sustained them—far from the soil of Virginia—the true, high-minded and patriotic State in which he prided; yet still among friends who respected him, and sympathising freemen who admired his virtues and talents, and forgot his faults and eccentricities.

John Randolph was an uncommon man—born to a princely fortune, he received the best education that could be furnished in his time, and cultivated a mind naturally quick and strong, by extensive and classical reading, and a close study of every eminent writer, ancient or modern. He was elected to Congress at a period when many supposed that he had not attained the age prescribed by the Constitution, and when even such doubts were presented to the Speaker, while tendering to him the usual oath of office. There are many who remember him at this day—a tall smooth-faced boy—his hair hanging loosely, scarcely kept together by the broad black ribbon, which flowed over his shoulders—walking leisurely from the State-house, to his boarding house, in Fourth street above Race—gazed at with wonder by youth and age. The splendor of his eloquence even at that early period, excited the wonder and admiration of the time.

We must leave to better hands, and those more thoroughly acquainted with the character and public services of Mr. Randolph, the task of writing his biography. He began his political career a republican of the Jefferson school, and sustained his administration with great zeal, until some personal disappointment drove him from the administration. He opposed the late war violently, and continued his opposition until the election of the present Chief Magistrate, with whom however he had become somewhat discontented, and was elected to Congress with the view, as he declared, to sustain the Constitution in its original purity, and had he lived he would have made some splendid efforts. Mr. Randolph, if he possessed all the qualifications of an able statesman, was nevertheless unwilling to go through all the labour which attend the faithful discharge of public duty. He designed better than he executed—he originated no great measure, but was merely distinguished for his great talent in opposition—his sarcasm and ridicule were dreadful—he praised very sparingly, but always with good taste. It was however, in the closet and drawing-room that his bright and social virtues shone with greatest brilliancy—where his wit was sparkling—his judgment boundless, and his taste refined and elegant. He was a perfect belles lettres scholar, and his memory was uncommonly retentive. John Randolph was a religious man—deeply read in sacred history, and maintaining in health an extensive correspondence with learned divines. He is gone from this busy, troublesome pilgrimage to a better world. Much will be said and written of him, for he was worthy of men's admiration. [*Philadelphia Gazette.*

He that prefers the boasted excellence of ancient times, to the endearments and embellishments of modern life, may be charged with the depraved taste of the Hottentot, who on his return to his native country, shook off the European dress, nauseated European food, and indulged in all the excesses of his country.—*Parr.*

FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS, PHILADELPHIA.

DESCRIPTION.

We have frequently taken occasion to present our readers with views of the Fairmount Water Works, justly the pride of our city, and to which every succeeding year adds new attractions. The view on the above is drawn from the head of the basin, showing the sheet of water as part of it enters to turn the wheels which are to force the balance to the top of the hill. The two swans, recently presented by a sea captain to the city, occupy a conspicuous place in the foreground; they are very popular pets, and are daily fed by the numerous visitors with crumbs of cake, &c. The view also exhibits the steps, and the summer house near the top; on the summit of the latter is a figure of Mercury, beckoning with his [illegible]

Having previously given estimates of the quantity of water pumped by each wheel, it is only necessary to say here, that two wheels are sufficient to supply the city; four are alternately in operation, and if a demand exists there is space for several others.

Some misunderstanding at present exists between the city authorities and the Schuylkill Navigation Company; by the former it is contended that the latter have only a right to sufficient water for one set of locks. The Navigation Company contend that they have a right to as much as they want, and they are now constructing a second set, which it is feared will in time be further increased, and that then we shall be in want of [illegible]

For the Saturday Evening Post.
WOMAN'S EYES.

Bright is the sparkling star,
And pure the summer skies;
But brighter, purer far,
Are lovely woman's eyes.

Rich are the golden rays
That from the sun arise;
But mark the smile that plays
Around dear woman's eyes.

When I from joy am riven,
And hope beyond me lies,
I still shall find a heaven
In lovely woman's eyes.
S. WILDERNESS.

WACOUSTA.

We take the very graphic and thrilling picture annexed, from a new work, which has just been published by Messrs. Key and Biddle, of this city, entitled "*Wacousta, or the Prophecy: a Tale of the Canadas.*" The period of the story is shortly after the time when the British took Canada from the French: and not long after many of the forts on the great western lakes had capitulated in consequence, having been left exposed to the fury of the Indians, who were supposed to have been instigated to hostilities by the French.

The chapter is taken from near the conclusion of the first volume of Wacousta, and details the insidious attack of Fort Detroit, containing the English garrison.

It may be proper to premise that the Indian chiefs had previously obtained entrance to the fortress, under the pretence of smoking the calumet of peace, and concluding a treaty with the commander, during which time they had keenly observed its various defences and the state of the garrison—which had been kept concealed with equal care on his part.

Meanwhile the white flag had again been raised by the Indians upon the bomb-proof; and this having been readily met by a corresponding signal from the fort, a numerous band of savages now issued from the cover with which their dark forms had hitherto been identified, and spread themselves far and near upon the common. On this occasion they were without arms, offensive or defensive, of any kind, if we may except the knife which was always carried at the girdle, and which constituted a part rather of their necessary dress than of their warlike equipment. These warriors might have been about five hundred in number, and were composed chiefly of picked men from the nations of the Ottawas, the Delawares, and the Shawanees; each race being distinctly recognisable from the others by certain peculiarities of form and feature which individualised, if we may so term it, the several tribes. Their only covering was the legging before described, composed in some instances of cloth, but principally of smoked deerskin, and the flap that passed through the girdle around the loins, by which the straps attached to the leggings were secured. Their bodies, necks, and arms were, with the exception of a few slight ornaments, entirely naked; and even the blanket, that served them as a couch by night and a covering by day, had, with one single exception, been dispensed with, apparently with a view to avoid any thing like encumbrance in their approaching sport. Each individual was provided with a stout sapling of about three feet in length, curved, and flattened at the root extremity, like that used at the Irish hurdle; which game, in fact, the manner of ball-playing among the Indians in every way resembled.

Interspersed among these warriors were a nearly equal number of squaws. These were to be seen lounging carelessly about in small groups, and were of all ages; from the hoary-headed shrivelled-up hag, whose eyes still sparkled with a fire that her lank and attenuated frame denied, to the young girl of twelve, whose dark and glowing cheek, rounded bust, and penetrating glance, bore striking evidence of the precociousness of Indian beauty. These latter looked with evident interest on the sports of the younger warriors, who, throwing down their hurdles, either vied with each other in the short but incredibly swift foot-race, or indulged themselves in wrestling and leaping: while their companions, abandoned to the full security they felt to be attached to the white flag waving on the fort, lay at their lazy length upon the sward, ostensibly following the movements of the several competitors in these sports, but in reality with heart and eye directed solely to the fortification that lay beyond. Each of these females, in addition to the machecoti, or petticoat, which in one solid square of broad-cloth was tightly wrapped around the loins, also carried a blanket loosely thrown around the person, but closely confined over the shoulders in front, and reaching below the knee. There was an air of constraint in their movements, which accorded ill with the occasion of festivity for which they were assembled; and it was remarkable, whether it arose from deference to those to whom they were slaves, as well as wives and daughters, or from whatever other cause it might be, none of them ventured to recline themselves upon the sward in imitation of the warriors.

When it had been made known to the governor that the Indians had begun to develope themselves in force upon the common unarmed, yet redolent with the spirit that was to direct their sports, the soldiers were dismissed from their respective companies to the ramparts; where they were now to be seen, not drawn up in formidable and hostile array, but collected together in careless groups, and simply in their side-arms. This reciprocation of confidence on the part of the garrison was acknowledged by the Indians by marks of approbation, expressed as much by the sudden and classic disposition of their fine forms into attitudes strikingly illustrative of their admiration and pleasure, as by the interjectional sounds that passed from one to the other of the throng. From the increased alacrity with which they now lent themselves to the preparatory and inferior amusements of the day, it was evident their satisfaction was complete.

Hitherto the principal chiefs had, as on the previous occasion, occupied the bomb-proof; and now, as then, they appeared to be deliberating among themselves, but evidently in a more energetic and serious manner. At length they separated, when Ponteac, accompanied by the chiefs who had attended him on the former day, once more led in the direction of the fort. The moment of his advance was the signal for the commencement of the principal game. In an instant those of the warriors who lay reclining on the sward sprang to their feet, while the wrestlers and racers resumed their hurdles, and prepared themselves for the trial of mingled skill and swiftness. At first they formed a dense group in the centre of the common; and then, diverging in two equal files both to the right and to the left of the immediate centre, where the large ball was placed, formed an open chain, extending from the skirt of the forest to the commencement of the village. On the one side were ranged the Delawares and the Shawanees, and on the other the more numerous nation of the Ottawas. The women of these several tribes, apparently much interested in the issue of an amusement in which the manliness and activity of their respective friends were staked, had gradually and imperceptibly gained the front of the fort, where they were now huddled in groups, at about twenty paces from the drawbridge, and bending eagerly forward to command the movements of the ball-players.

In his circuit round the walls, Ponteac was seen to remark the confiding appearance of the unarmed soldiery, with a satisfaction that was not sought to be disguised; and from the manner in which he threw his glance along each face of the rampart, it was evident his object was to embrace the numerical strength collected there. It was moreover observed, when he passed the groups of squaws on his way to the gate, he addressed some words in a strange tongue to the elder matrons of each.

Once more the [illegible] when they cast their eyes upwards in the windows of the block-houses, they were found to be tenantless as the area through which they passed. A gleam of fierce satisfaction pervaded the swarthy countenances of the Indians; and the features of Ponteac, in particular, expressed the deepest exultation. Instead of leading his party, he now brought up the rear; and when arrived in the centre of the fort, he, without any visible cause for the accident, stumbled, and fell to the earth. The other chiefs for a moment lost sight of their ordinary gravity, and marked their sense of the circumstance by a prolonged sound, partaking of the mingled character of a laugh and a yell. Startled at the cry, Major Blackwater, who was in front, turned to ascertain the cause. *At that moment Ponteac sprang lightly again to his feet*, responding to the yell of his confederates by another even more startling, fierce, and prolonged than their own. He then stalked proudly to the head of the party, and even preceded Major Blackwater into the council room.

In this rude theatre of conference some changes had been made since their recent visit, which escaped not the observation of the quick sighted chiefs. Their mats lay in the position they had previously occupied, and the chairs of the officers were placed as before, but the room itself had been considerably enlarged. The slight partition terminating the interior extremity of the mess-room, and dividing it from that of the officers, had been removed; and midway through this, extending entirely across, was drawn a curtain of scarlet cloth, against which the imposing figure of the governor, elevated as his seat was above those of the other officers, was thrown into strong relief. There was another change, that escaped not the observation of the Indians, and that was, not more than one half of the officers who had been present at the first conference being now in the room. Of these latter, one had, moreover, been sent away by the governor the moment the chiefs were ushered in.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the proud leader, as he took his seat unceremoniously, and yet not without reluctance, upon the mat. "The council-room of my father is bigger than when the Ottawa was here before, yet the number of his chiefs is not so many."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the Saganaw has promised the red skins a feast," returned the governor. "Were he to leave it to his young warriors to provide it, he would not be able to receive the Ottawa like a great chief, and to make peace with him as he could wish."

"My father has a great deal of cloth, red, like the blood of a pale face," pursued the Indian, rather in demand than in observation, as he pointed with his finger to the opposite end of the room. "When the Ottawa was here last, he did not see it."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the great father of the Saganaw has a big heart to make presents to the red skins. The cloth the Ottawa sees there is sufficient to make leggings for the chiefs of all the nations."

Apparently satisfied with this reply, the fierce Indian uttered one of his strong guttural and assentient "ughs," and then commenced filling the pipe of peace, correct on the present occasion in all its ornaments, which was handed to him by the Delaware chief. It was remarked by the officers this operation took up an unusually long portion of his time, and that he frequently turned his ear, like a horse stirred by the huntsman's horn, with quick and irrepressible eagerness towards the door.

"The pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa chief, is not here," said the governor, as he glanced his eye along the semicircle of Indians. "How is this? Is his voice still sick, that he cannot come; or has the great chief of the Ottawas forgotten to tell him?"

"The voice of the pale warrior is still sick, and he cannot speak," replied the Indian. "The Ottawa chief is very sorry; for the tongue of his friend, the pale face, is full of wisdom."

Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips, when a wild shrill cry from without the fort rang on the ears of the assembled council, and caused a momentary commotion among the officers. It arose from a single voice, and that voice could not be mistaken by any who had heard it once before. A second or two, during which the officers and chiefs kept their eyes intently fixed on each other, passed anxiously away, and then nearer to the gate, apparently on the very drawbridge itself, was pealed forth the wild and deafening yell of a legion of devilish voices. At that sound, the Ottawa and the other chiefs sprang to their feet, and their own fierce cry responded to that yet vibrating on the ears of all. Already were their gleaming tomahawks brandished wildly over their heads, and Ponteac had even bounded a pace forward to reach the governor with the deadly weapon, when at the sudden stamping of the foot of the latter upon the floor, the scarlet cloth in the rear was thrown aside, and twenty soldiers, their eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled muskets, met the startled gaze of the astonished Indians.

An instant was enough to satisfy the keen chief of the true state of the case. The calm composed mien of the officers, not one of whom had even attempted to quit his seat, amid the din by which his ears were so alarmingly assailed,—the triumphant, yet dignified, and even severe expression of the governor's countenance; and, above all, the unexpected presence of the prepared soldiery,—all these at once assured him of the discovery of his treachery, and the danger that awaited him. The necessity for an immediate attempt to join his warriors without, was now obvious to the Ottawa; and scarcely had he conceived the idea before it was sought to be executed. In a single spring he gained the door of the mess-room, and, followed eagerly and tumultuously by the other chiefs, to whose departure no opposition was offered, in the next moment stood on the steps of the piazza that ran along the front of the building whence he had issued.

The surprise of the Indians on reaching this point was now too powerful to be dissembled; and, incapable either of advancing or receding, they remained gazing on the scene before them with an air of mingled stupefaction, rage, and alarm. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since they had proudly strode through the naked area of the fort, and yet, even in that short space of time, its appearance had been entirely changed. Not a part was there now of the surrounding buildings that was not redolent with human life, and hostile preparation. Through every window of the officers' low rooms, was to be seen the dark and frowning muzzle of a field piece, bearing upon the gateway; and behind these were artillerymen, holding their lighted matches, supported again by files of bayonets, that glittered in their rear. In the block-houses the same formidable array of field pieces and muskets was visible; while from the four angles of the square, as many heavy guns, that had been artfully masked at the entrance of the chiefs, seemed ready to sweep away every thing that should come before them. The guard-room, near the gate, presented the same hostile front. The doors of this, as well as of the other buildings, had been firmly secured within; but from every window affording cover to the troops, gleamed a line of bayonets rising above the threatening field-pieces, pointed, at a distance of little more than twelve feet, directly upon the gateway. In addition to his musket, each man of the guard moreover held a hand grenade, provided with a short fuze that could be ignited in a moment from the matches of the gunners, and with immediate effect. The soldiers in the block-houses were similarly provided.

Almost magic as was the change thus suddenly effected in the appearance of the garrison, it was not the most interesting feature in the exciting scene. Choking up the gateway, in which they were completely wedged, and crowding the drawbridge, a dense mass of dusky Indians were to be seen casting their fierce glances around; yet paralysed in their movements by the unlooked for display of a resisting force, threatening instant annihilation to those who should attempt either to advance or to recede. Never, perhaps, was astonishment and disappointment more forcibly depicted on the human countenance, than as they were now exhibited by these men, who had already, in imagination, secured to themselves an easy conquest. They were the warriors who had so recently been engaged in the manly yet innocent exercise of the ball; but, instead of the harmless hurdle, each now carried [illegible] opposed to their progress, they might almost have been taken for a wild group of statuary.

Conspicuous at the head of these was he who wore the blanket; a tall warrior, on whom rested the startled eye of every officer and soldier, who was so situated as to behold him. His face was painted black as death; and as he stood under the arch of the gateway, with his white turbaned head towering far above those of his companions, this formidable and mysterious enemy might have been likened to the spirit of darkness presiding over his terrible legions.

In order to account for the extraordinary appearance of the Indians, armed in every way for death, at a moment when neither gun nor tomahawk was apparently within reach of their reach, it will be necessary to revert to the first entrance of the chiefs into the fort. The fall of Ponteac had been the effect of design; and the yell pealed forth by him, on recovering his feet, as if in taunting reply to the laugh of his comrades, was in reality a signal intended for the guidance of the Indians without. These, now following up their game with increasing spirit, at once changed the direction of their line, bringing the ball nearer to the fort. In their eagerness to effect this object, they had overlooked the gradual secession of the unarmed troops, spectators of their sport, from the ramparts, until scarcely more than twenty stragglers were left. As they neared the gate, the squaws broke up their several groups, and, forming a line on either hand of the road leading to the drawbridge, appeared to separate solely with a view not to impede the action of the players. For an instant a dense group collected around the ball, which had been driven to within a hundred yards of the gate, and fifty hurdles were crossed in their endeavors to secure it, when the warrior, who formed the solitary exception to the multitude, in his blanket covering, and who had been lingering in the extreme rear of the party, came rapidly up to the spot where the well affected struggle was maintained. At his approach, the hurdles of the other players were withdrawn, when, at a single blow from his powerful arm, the ball was seen flying into the air in an oblique direction, and was for a moment lost altogether to the view. When it again met the eye, it was descending perpendicularly into the very centre of the fort.

With the fleetness of thought now commenced a race that had ostensibly for its object the recovery of the lost ball; and in which, he who had driven it with such resistless force, outstripped them all. Their course lay between the two lines of squaws; and scarcely had the head of the bounding Indians reached the opposite extremity of those lines, when the women suddenly threw back their blankets, and disclosed each a short gun and a tomahawk. To throw away their hurdles and seize upon these, was the work of an instant. Already, in imagination, was the fort their own; and such was the peculiar exultation of the black and turbaned warrior, when he felt the planks of the drawbridge bending beneath his feet, all the ferocious joy of his soul was pealed forth in the terrible cry which, rapidly succeeded by that of the other Indians, had resounded so fearfully through the council-room. What their disappointment was, when, on gaining the interior, they found the garrison prepared for their reception, has already been shown.

"Secure that traitor, men!" exclaimed the governor, advancing into the square, and pointing to the black warrior, whose quick eye was now glancing on every side, to discover some assailable point in the formidable defences of the troops.

A laugh of scorn and derision escaped the lips of the warrior. "Is there a man—are there any ten men, even with Governor de Haldimar at their head, who will be bold enough to attempt it?" he asked. "Nay!" he pursued, stepping boldly a pace or two in front of the wondering savages,—"here I stand singly, and defy your whole garrison!"

A sudden movement among the soldiers in the guard-room announced they were preparing to execute the order of their chief. The eye of the black warrior sparkled with ferocious pleasure; and he made a gesture to his followers, which was replied to by the sudden tension of their hitherto relaxed forms into attitudes of expectance and preparation.

"Stay, men; quit not your cover for your lives!" commanded the governor, in a loud deep voice:—"keep the barricades fast, and move not."

A cloud of anger and disappointment passed over the features of the black warrior. It was evident the object of his bravado was to draw the troops from their defences, that they might be so mingled with their enemies as to render the cannon useless, unless friends and foes (which was by no means probable) should alike be sacrificed. The governor had penetrated the design in time to prevent the mischief.

In a moment of uncontrollable rage, the savage warrior aimed his tomahawk at the head of the governor. The latter stept lightly aside, and the steel sank with such force into one of the posts supporting the piazza, that the quivering handle snapped close off at its head. At that moment, a single shot, fired from the guard-house, was drowned in the yell of approbation which burst from the lips of the dark crowd. The turban of the warrior was, however, seen flying through the air, carried away by the force of the bullet which had torn it from his head. He himself was unharmed.

"A narrow escape for us both, Colonel de Haldimar," he observed, as soon as the yell had subsided, and with an air of the most perfect unconcern. "Had my tomahawk obeyed the first impulse of my heart, I should have cursed myself and died: as it is, I have reason to avoid all useless exposure of my own life, at present. A second bullet may be better directed; and to die, robbed of my revenge, would ill answer the purpose of a life devoted to its attainment. Remember my pledge?"

At the hasty command of the governor, a hundred muskets were raised to the shoulders of his men; but, before a single eye could glance along the barrel, the formidable and active warrior had bounded over the heads of the nearest Indians, into a small space that was left unoccupied; when, stooping suddenly to the earth, he disappeared altogether from the view of his enemies. A slight movement in the centre of the numerous band crowding the gateway, and extending even beyond the bridge, was now discernable: it was like the waving of a field of standing corn, through which some animal rapidly winds its tortuous course, bending aside as the object advances, and closing again when it has passed. After the lapse of a minute, the terrible warrior was seen to spring again to his feet, far in the rear of the band; and then, uttering a fierce shout of exultation, to make good his retreat towards the forest.

Meanwhile, Ponteac and the other chiefs of the council continued rooted to the piazza on which they had rushed at the unexpected display of the armed men behind the scarlet curtain. The loud "Waugh" that burst from the lips of all, on finding themselves thus foiled in their schemes of massacre, had been succeeded, the instant afterwards, by feelings of personal apprehension, which each, however, had collectedness enough to disguise. Once the Ottawa made a movement as if he would have cleared the space that kept him from his warriors; but the emphatical pointing of the finger of Colonel de Haldimar to the levelled muskets of the men in the block-houses, prevented him, and the attempt was not repeated. It was remarked by the officers, who also stood on the piazza, close behind the chiefs, when the black warrior threw his tomahawk at the governor, a shade of displeasure passed over the features of the Ottawa, and that, when he found the daring attempt was not retaliated on his people, his countenance had been momentarily lighted up with a satisfied expression, apparently marking his sense of the forbearance so unexpectedly shown.

"What says the great chief of the Ottawas now?" asked the governor, calmly, and breaking a profound silence that had succeeded to the last fierce yell of the formidable being just departed. "Was the Saganaw not right, when he said the Ottawa came with guile in his heart, and with a lie upon his lips? But the Saganaw is not a fool, and he can read the thoughts of his enemies upon their faces, and long before their lips have spoken."

"Ugh!" ejaculated the Indian: "my father [illegible]

The Saganaw has but to move his lips, and swifter than the lightning would the pale faces sweep away the warriors of the Ottawas, even where they now stand: in less time than the Saganaw is now speaking, would they mow them down like the grass of the prairie."

"Ugh!" again exclaimed the chief, with mixed doggedness and fierceness: "if what my father says is true, why does he not pour out his anger on the red skins?"

"Let the great chief of the Ottawas listen," replied the governor, with dignity. "When the great chiefs of all the nations that are in league with the Ottawas came last to the council, the Saganaw knew that they carried deceit in their hearts, and that they never meant to smoke the pipe of peace, or to bury the hatchet in the ground. The Saganaw might have kept them prisoners, that their warriors might be without a head; but he had given his word to the great chief of the Ottawas, and the word of a Saganaw is never broken. Even now, while both the chiefs and the warriors are in his power, he will not slay them, for he wishes to show the Ottawa the desire of the Saganaw is to be friendly with the red skins, and not to destroy them. Wicked men from the Canadas have whispered lies in the ear of the Ottawa; but a great chief should judge for himself, and take council only from the wisdom of his own heart. The Ottawa and his warriors may go," he resumed, after a short pause; "the path by which they came is again open to them. Let them depart in peace; the big thunder of the Saganaw shall not harm them."

The countenance of the Indian, who had clearly seen the danger of his position, wore an expression of surprise which could not be dissembled; low exclamations passed between him and his companions; and, then pointing to the tomahawk that lay half buried in the wood, he said, doubtingly,—

"It was the pale face, the friend of the great chief of the Ottawas, who struck the hatchet at my father. The Ottawa is not a fool to believe the Saganaw can sleep without revenge."

"The great chief of the Ottawas shall know us better," was the reply. "The young warriors of the Saganaw might destroy their enemies where they now stand, but they seek not their blood. When the Ottawa chief takes council from his own heart, and not from the lips of the cowardly dog of a pale face, who strikes his tomahawk and then flies, his wisdom will tell him to make peace with the Saganaw, whose warriors are without treachery, even as they are without fear."

Another of those deep interjectional "Ughs" escaped the chest of the proud Indian.

"What my father says is good," he returned; "but the pale face is a great warrior, and the Ottawa chief is his friend. The Ottawa will go."

He then addressed a few sentences, in a tongue unknown to the officers, to the swarthy and anxious crowd in front. These were answered by a low, sullen, yet assentient grunt, from the united band, who now turned, though with justifiable caution and distrust, and recrossed the drawbridge without hindrance from the troops. Ponteac waited until the last Indian had departed, and then making a movement to the governor, which, with all its haughtiness, was meant to mark his sense of the forbearance and good faith that had been manifested, once more stalked proudly and calmly across the area, followed by the remainder of the chiefs. The officers who were with the governor ascended to the ramparts, to follow their movements; and it was not before their report had been made, that the Indians were immerging once more into the heart of the forest, the troops were withdrawn from their formidable defences, and the gate of the fort again firmly secured.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
TO AN AFFLICTED FRIEND.

When clouds of sorrow hover round,
And burst upon the heart;
Till joy no more on earth is found,
And dearest ties are torn apart;

When disappointments with'ring blast,
Relentless seeks and marks its prey,
Mid those who ne'er, in times gone past,
Found aught but peace along life's way.

And e'en when death's rude darts assail
And wound the troubled breast,
Till ev'ry stream of comfort fail,
That once could calm the soul to rest.

Ah, what shall soothe those wither'd hopes,
Those dreams of bliss now fled—
Where shall be found a sweet repose,
For the sad heart and aching head?

Let fervent prayers ascend on high,
Each hope be fixed above;
Then shall the founts of trouble dry,
While peace shall whisper "*God is Love.*" E.

THE GREEN TAPER.

Among the unfortunate Moriscoes who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was a very rich farmer. As the object of the government was, to hurry the Moriscoes out of the country without allowing them to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period.—Muley Hassem, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the close porch of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbors, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Morisco, deeply versed in the secret arts. The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassem, from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died, entrusting the secret to an only daughter, who having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm. Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter, whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of the Peninsula. Urged by the approach of poverty which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret entrusted to her, Fatima, and her daughter Zuleima, embarked in the vessel of a Corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville on foot, or by an occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the Virgin near Moguer. I will not tire you with details as to the means, by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter, in the family then occupying her paternal house. Her constant endeavors to please her master and mistress, succeeded to the utmost of her wishes; the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important, and awful task, of recovering the concealed treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on, the family moved to the first floor as usual; and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground floor rooms for herself and Zuleima. About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquiver overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sunset, Fatima, provided, with a rope and basket, anxiously awaited the hour of midnight to commence her incantation. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch, to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the cathedral clock, whose sound had a most startling effect, in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour, and the melancholy peal of supplication followed for about two minutes. All now was still except the wind and rain.—Fatima, unlocking with some difficulty the cold hands of her daughter out of her's struck with a flint, and lighted a green taper, not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned, close by the feet of the two females. "Now, Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life!" said Fatima, "were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not entreat you to hasten [illegible] foot slips! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark!"

The vault was much deeper than the girl's length and, upon slipping from one of the projecting stones, the click of coins scattered by her feet restored the failing courage of the mother.—"There, take the basket, child—quick! fill it up with gold—feel for the jewels. I must not move the lantern. Well done, my love! Another basket full, and no more. I would not expose you, my only child, for—yet the candle is long enough fear not, it will burn five minutes. Heavens! the wick begins to float in the melted wax: out, Zuleima!—the rope, the rope!—the steps are on this side!"

A faint groan was heard—Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again: the distracted mother scratched for the chasm; but it was closed.—She beat the ground with her feet; and her agony became downright madness, on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement till her hands were shapeless with wounds. Lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, "Mother dear mother, leave me not in the dark." The thick vault through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart freezing, thin, distant, yet silver tone. Fatima lay one instant as on the flints, then raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head, with something like supernatural strength, against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

The tradition of this catastrophe led to report that the house was haunted; and it is still affirmed, that annually, in a certain night in December, Fatima, is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her daughter was buried alive, forced her to sit over the vault, with a basket full of gold at her feet. The efforts by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears, indicate that for an hour she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying, "Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!"

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Flying Fish.—Beyond 23° of latitude, Humboldt found the surface of the sea covered with flying fish, (*Exocetus volitans*) which sprung into the air to a height of twelve, fifteen, and even eighteen feet, and sometimes fell on the deck. The great size of the swimming bladder in these animals, being two-thirds the length of their body, as well as that of the pectoral fins, enable them to traverse in the air a space of 24 feet horizontal distance before falling again into the water. They are incessantly pursued by dolphins while under the surface, and when flying are attacked by frigate birds, and other predatory species. Yet it does not seem that they leap into the atmosphere merely to avoid their enemies; for, like swallows, they move by thousands in a right line, and always in a direction opposite to that of the waves. The air contained in the swimming bladder has been supposed to be pure oxygen; but Humboldt found it to consist of ninety-four parts of azote, four oxygen, and two of carbonic acid.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Lib. No. X.*

The Bulgarians.—The Bulgarian is handsome, robust, patient, stubborn, and very jealous; with primitive manners. The stranger who puts up for the night in a cottage, has the best of everything, and sleeps on the same floor with father, mother, sons and daughters. The women are tall and beautiful—the finest race I saw in Turkey—with peculiarly small hands and feet. Their costume is elegant, consisting of a striped shift, which covers without concealing the bust, fastened round the throat with a heavy gold or silver clasp; a short worked petticoat, and embroidered pelisse *a la Polonaise*, confined by a broad ornamental girdle. Their hair is dressed in long braids, and their wrists and waists adorned with solid bracelets and buckles; the poorest have them. Yet these nymphs of the Balkans are household slaves, and are to be seen in the severest weather drawing water at the fountains. No peasantry in the world are so well off. The lowest Bulgarian has abundance of every thing; meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, and a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to inflame his passions, nor a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on, and therefore may be considered by some people an object of pity.—*Slade's Travels.*

London Beggary.—One negro beggar (says the London correspondent of the Auburn Free Press) has retired with a fortune of $6660. Women that have no children of their own, (or who have not enough of them,) will hire one, two, or three, (the more ragged the better,) at from 6d to 9d sterling each per day, and they estimate that with three children, especially if almost naked, in a cold day, they can collect from four to seven shillings sterling. If they can possibly get hold of a blind child, or one that is deaf and dumb, they will give one shilling per day. A child that is most shockingly deformed is considered as a sort of windfall at almost any price—but four shillings a day is the club price. They have their regular clubs and societies, and when they meet they drink and feed well, read the papers and talk politics—and if any one should attempt to take a regular *stand or walk* without first being regularly admitted, wo be unto him the first dark night. Men with but one leg or arm, or neither, are getting into great demand. The average collections are from 3 to 5s each, about 2s 6d of which they spend at night. A blind man led by his dog, being taken up a short time ago and examined, it was found that his day's begging amounted to $6,66. One of the beggars when questioned closely, said he went through forty streets a day, "and its a poor street that does not yield two pence." You perceive this would make 6s 8d sterling ($1,48) per day,—a pretty fair business. It was proved before the Commons Committee that an old woman kept 'a night school for the purpose of instructing children in the *street language*.' The numbers of vagrant beggars now in London, is supposed to exceed 40,000. The numbers of paupers relieved in London in one year was 117,316. The money raised by the poor rates was $1,016,020 9d; being 13 8½ sterling per head on the population.

The Hypochondriac Prince.—Many distinguished persons, from a disease in the imagination, have fallen into strange notions regarding their personal identity and character. In the memoirs of Count de Maurepas, there is an account given of a most singular hypochondriac in the person of the prince of Bourbon. He once imagined himself to be a hare, and would suffer no bell to be rung in the palace, lest the noise should scare him in the woods. At another time, he fancied himself to be a plant, and, as he stood in the garden, insisted on being watered. He some time afterwards imagined he was dead, and refused all nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion. This last whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Luxembourg, and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turenne. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made a hearty meal. While this turn of his disorder prevailed, he always dined in the cellar with some noble ghost. It is somewhat remarkable that this strange fantasy did not incapacitate him for business, especially where his immediate interests were concerned. Hypochondriasm is doubtless produced, in a great measure, from deep study, or from an artificial mode of living, and want of proper air and exercise. We seldom hear of a ploughman or an industrious artisan falling into that diseased state of the imagination, and considering themselves hares, vegetables, plants, or some disembodied spirit.

Ventriloquism.—One evening, Mr. Newman, the ventriloquist, who has been performing at Beverly for some time, was spending the evening with a few friends at an inn, when a farmer, who had been paying ardent devotions to jolly Bacchus, determined to make one of the party, which he did, and was so delighted that, in order to keep it up to the last, he said he should stop all night, and accordingly ordered the boot-jack. This was by no means agreeable to the company, one of whom intimated, in a whisper, to the ventriloquist, that the obtrusive guest, who had a large family, had just buried his wife. The boot-jack was brought and one brawny foot uncased, when the farmer was horror struck by the sound of a feeble, feminine voice, crying apparently from the boot, "Oh, John, I little thought you could have forgotten me so soon, and thus neglect my children!" On hearing this appeal, John started, groaned, and muttered prayers, and promised that he would never get drunk any more. When he had recovered from his fright, and had ascertained that his boot was tenantless, he pulled it on, and rode quietly home.—*English paper.*

Great preparations are making for the bringing out of the daughter of the Lord Byron, who is to be presented at the next Drawing-room.—The jewels have been ordered of an eminent jeweller at the west end of the town. Report in the fashionable circles speaks very highly of the accomplishments of this young lady, who resembles her talented father in many of the finer qualities of his mind. Her education has been attended to with the greatest solicitude by Lady Byron, and most of the masters under whom she has studied speak highly of her assiduity; and of the readiness with which she profited by their lessons.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

Trial of Clough.

Mayor Henry, Monday, June 5.

Gentlemen—A private opportunity offering, at an early hour this morning, I take advantage of it, a little before the call in court, to forward you a few additional particulars relating to the interesting trial now in progress in this room. From conversations yesterday with many persons belonging to this neighborhood, I cannot learn that there is any credulous feeling existing in the public mind towards Clough.—They look upon his conviction as a matter too much of doubt, and agree in a sum, that if any circumstances can justify the taking of human life, this must be considered to the violated laws of his country. No presence whatever is made by his counsel that he did not commit the murder; the only ground of defence resembled, is the plea of insanity; and how far that may avail, no one but his counsel and himself is able to judge, until the evidence for the defence is heard.—This, it is expected, will commence sometime to-day. There seems, to my view, a shocking feature in a defence of this kind—that a man shall commit a murder as atrocious as this, and instead of turn round in search of aid with all the humane considerations that the law extends to the accused, he has never been able to cause one mind of the thought, when gazing on the livid features of the murdered woman. That the former or sanity ever became the occasion of the greatest consolation and support to the wife, in the moment of distress, or sought an husband—and the consolation of a mother, have not been enjoyed, we are assured, they, one would suppose, would be best acquainted with his many traits of character.

The reports we have heard as to Clough's previous good character, turn out to be untrue. No person but the New York police officers heard of his arrest, than they came on here to seek him. He was at once recognised as a prominent scene in a during robbery committed some time ago; and on being asked to tell where the stolen property was concealed, he declined to show the place where it might be found. It is a fact there can be no possible doubt; and if the wretched man thinks it to serve a gentleman, no doubt the incidents of his life would exhibit a career of villany, similar to those of which we have been accustomed to witness the closing scene on the scaffold. With all these things in his hand, it is truly wonderful that he contrived to conceal his real character from the responsible family at Bordentown, with whom he boarded so long.

I mentioned in the report of the evidence I send you with the letter, that the testimony of Mrs. Longstreth, the mother of deceased, was of the most affecting kind. Her appearance commanded universal respect, fatigued as it was upon a chamber the most comfortable while her position, being called upon to testify, in a crowded court-room, to the most painful details in the shocking deed, the murder of her own dearly cherished daughter, appealed to the sympathies of every person with an opposing knowledge of the case can picture, and no heavy realize. When she approached the witness' point of exercise for the purpose of being sworn, the solicitude evidently overcame her feelings, and the breathless stillness of the audience was only broken by the sobs of grief in the retinal, and their sympathy for her grief; but when she declared that she would tell the whole truth of the vision, "Oh mother, I screamed and I screamed; why didn't you run?" and then she sunk and wimoan so subsiding an exhibition. Clough alone remained immovable, with his eyes fixed on the floor, and beneath the covering of his hand; and if he let the tendering scene, his stance must certainly have been in evidence that he did.

The statement of no many ladies was at first a matter of considerable surprise to me, but I have since learned that counsel was excited by the fact that Messrs. Brown and Southard. But nothing occurred to give them the least ground for objection, as every question and cross examination, except in the case of Mrs. Longstreth's testimony. It was right to witness the volition of those bright spirits. Mr. Hazlehurst, for the prisoner, was fairly put to his mettle, and his great and highest address to the court. His personal manner, and highest address to the court. His personal manner, and highest address to the court. His personal principles of law appear all hearsay testimony.

You will observe by the report of the day's work, that when the screams of the deceased were first heard, three, as called, rushed to the door, and that the murderer bending over his defenceless victim, with his fatal weapon in his hand, turned round, and even then stalled her three times before their eyes! What, in the name of all that is horrible, must have been those grown up cheekbones did, when they beheld the wretched murderer, with the gory weapon of her misfortune? Did they strike the wretch down on the spot?—Did they seize the weapon, and knock away his murdering arm?—Did they even call upon him to desist?—No! they ran away, and left the to a girl of thirteen years old, whether, to their ever-lasting disgrace be it spoken, they did not run off in time—strong, stout, and able-bodied as they all were, either to seize the murderer, or to have heard the shrieks of their fellow-creature, and with one accord run away and leave her to her fate! Such, I say, was their conduct when exposed to the ridicule and execration of a large community, and such was the sentence of a jury of their fellow-citizens, when they were compelled to be examined in relation to it in their character as witnesses in a court of justice. Such conduct would appear incredible, if it were not for the fact that it was proved by a great number of witnesses, and that the sentence of the verdict was rendered with the concurrence of the whole of their fellow-citizens, who had been present at the trial.

The conduct of Clough in prison indicates him to be a hardened and reckless villain. He eats well, and sleeps well, and has no fear of death. He refused it, and declined to be shaved every week, as is the custom of the jail. The Sheriff's family, as a common to ensure a decent appearance in court, have taken a deep personal beauty happening to visit the Sheriff's wife, Clough refused to be shaved in her presence, and refused to be introduced to her, as she was so very handsome! A Bordentown gentleman, who was present at some weeks ago, began a conversation with him on serious topics, but finding that he was not to be led, he must conclude, in the end, who carries on the conversation.

Yours truly.

An occurrence of an extraordinary character took place on board the steamboat Empire, which arrived on her way from Norfolk, Va. to New York. It appears that some of the passengers were engaged in a desultory herculled gun from a Frenchman of the name of Jonas Mayo, a native of Martinique, and one of the fells, amused themselves for a time with shooting at small birds that were flying about the vessel, and then entered the gun to its owner, who very deliberately loaded it with 3 buckshot and a ball, and fired it off at one of the passengers, a Mr. Young. He received the charge in the left side of the breast, and about the eye and temple. Mayo then jumped overboard, but was taken up by a boat that was sent after him, and, he was taken up, brought on board again, and secured so as to put it out of his power to commit further violence. Mr. Young is seriously wounded, though not dangerously, and there is some reason to fear he may lose one of his eyes.

A suit at law was recently brought at Worcester, (Mass.) by an individual against a number of Methodist Episcopal Society for damages sustained in consequence of the house behind which he was passing falling in a wagon, taking flight as a piece of cloth spread out to dry from the balcony. The house was the property of one of his own legs, and caused some injury to the wagon. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with $25 damages.

On Tuesday, the 6th ult. as the steam boat Tom was about to start from Erie, (Pa.) the entire flue collapsed, and a terrible explosion took place, by which several persons near the rear of the steam, happily no one was injured. The engineer at the time was ignorant of the Commander was much agitated by the circumstance at the moment, but soon recovered. All the passengers and baggage were transferred to the Rob Roy, and on the following morning the Tom started for Mobile, under a strong complement of men.

The exhibition of Mrs. M'Dunn's work-manship at the Mechanic Institute, Cincinnati, is a proof of great industry and ingenuity. Most of the carvings are curious and beautiful, and will, no doubt, be an object of much interest there. The lady's accuracy, as a respectable and desirous artist, will be duly rewarded by the numerous ages which she devotes a matter of laudable industry, independent of the interest which she takes in the subject.

The department of Mr. Avery, in the course of the sevens and protracted trial which he is compelled to undergo, is deserving of the highest commendation.

A correspondent of the Boston Courier says:—

"Whether her country was excited by the trial or not, no one but herself and his immediate friends know; but the whole of the proceedings were conducted in a manner that would be creditable to any court. The lady's accuracy, as a respectable and desirous artist, will be duly rewarded by the numerous ages which she devotes a matter of laudable industry, independent of the interest which she takes in the subject.

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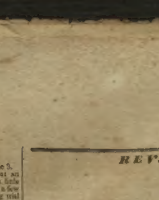

REV. E. K. AVERY.

The above engraving is intended as a likeness of the individual who has been acquitted at Newport, R. I. It was apparently expected that he would be pronounced to be a good likeness by those who have seen him. The plate was prepared for insertion in our paper last week, knowing, as did, that a correct likeness would be to our readers, but a press of matter which could not be excluded, compelled us to postpone it until to day. We now insert it, not for the purpose of holding up the individual as an object of mere public curiosity, but, to convey to our readers a correct idea of the general appearance of the prisoning calmness of department which he maintained throughout the whole of that long and fatiguing ordeal. The ordeal through which he has passed is seldom encountered by man; and the calm resignation he conduct exhibited during a trial of four weeks duration, and in the midst of an unanimous acquittal of the jury, for ten of the twelve at once pronounced him innocent, should go far to satisfy the public mind, that he is free from the stain of blood.

AVERY'S TRIAL.

(Concluded.)

THIRD DAY.

Mr. Ramsden:—If it please the Court—Gentlemen of the jury.

None in the course of my life have I risen in a Court of Justice, under feelings so deeply painful as those by which I am at this moment oppressed. It shall be my most anxious endeavour to treat any exhibition of feeling on the part of it be my misfortune that I cannot control myself so far as to be able to address you with calmness. I am sure that I shall not be deemed unmanly for the expression of my feelings on this occasion, when I state that I am addressing you for the first time in my life, and that I am addressing you for the first time in my life, and that I am addressing you for the first time in my life, and

THE OLIO

Hasten thee, wysedge, and bring with thee Jest and youthful Jollity!
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter, holding both his sides.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way and wide,
For never, never can forget
The love of life's young day!
The fire that's blown on flowing e'en,
May wyse in time grow sad and cauld,
But blacker is't wears the heart
Where first love's been grown cauld.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows o'er my path,
And blind my een wi' tears!
They lead me wi' my een most tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory lifts anesome face
The licht looks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet was the simmer time then bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but us twain!
'Twas then we trod as licht as lauch,
To lave life skies sae blue,
And stours, and braes, and unlien weys shed,
Remembered nae we knew!

I wander, Jeanie, alien yet,
Where scenes on scenes unfauld,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock't in loof,
What sicht were lonely could think?
When birch bent down owre we braid page,
We at lesh on our tasse,
The lips were on the lessons, but
My lessons was in thine.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heids,
How cheeks burnt red wi' shame,
Whene'er our lips, for a' their lear,
We cleekit thegither hame?
And mind ye the laverock abune our cleek,
The sang-thrush on a rone,
The mavis nicher on the leas,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood,
The cushie doo hersel'?

The throud whuskit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we wi' Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies!
And syne the gloamin' came the burn,
For hame thegither we,
And in the simmer o' yer, till bith
We'r' wary gladness gat.

An' ay, dear Jessie Morrison,
The throuds nae mair your cleek,
Like dew-beads on a rone, yer nane
Hid ony owre ye speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When twa were bern and bred young,
When lowly pairt's all feelings forth,
Unspilled, unwared!

I wauvel Jeanie Morrison,
Am I but mine to thee
An elsely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as I dae mine
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows gyte
Wi' dreamings o' bygone?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've been a weary lee;
But never mair will be my rest
Ye never were forgot.
The thochts that link'd us first frae heart,
Shall travels on as wont
And clenthed wi' love, yet lastin' pass,
The love o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were children grown,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could beg till wonderbaken,
And thought I'd gain it not,
Did I but ken your heart still dreem'd
Of bygone days and me!

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

NOT PARTICULAR.—An aged quaker growing weary, amongst the other "ills that flesh is heir to," of a fit of single blessedness, betook himself to the matrimonial means of the grave, and there prayed most fervently that a helpmate might be sent him. After forty years of waiting, simpering and ranging had failed to secure, as it seemed to him, the right one, he prayed through with her previous, then an out of the larger spoons, a dozen of the smaller ones, and the head of a tree near the head of the "useless maiden." "O what—has—been—the—matter?" she at length found on the earth, and supposing that the whom she neglected had come" to his senses," replied, *easy baby, good Lord!*"

"Landlord," said a shrewd fellow, to he seated himself in the bar-room, and had the better grace of the surrounding niceness at the bar, "do you know of any body that has been a long time hanging around the kuife, with her blades—two large ones and two small ones—and a piece of steel, and a bit of a stone, and at the ends?" "No," replied the veteran landlord, whose profession was not to know, "a strawberry knife with a pearly drop of dew, 'who knew you found of the?" "No, not there at all," said the knife inquirer, so that I should find one, I might know whose it was."

DOG CHEAP.—A "Jonathan" from New-Hampshire, called at a barber's shop near the motion store. He would like to hair cut in the latest manner possible, he shaved as slick as a whistle, which was soon done. What do you want your whiskers?" Nothing comes, says the barber. I hafter but only just three cases, and those single ones. Do you suppose that I would shave and cut hair for nothing? I guess I can't help it, I hafter put nothing but three cents." The barber concluded that a penny saved was better than nothing, so took Jonathan's three cents and bid him to the door, the latter looks a' longwise.

"Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet was the simmer time then bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but us twain!
'Twas then we trod as licht as lauch,
To lave life skies sae blue,
And stours, and braes, and unlien weys shed,
Remembered nae we knew!

I wander, Jeanie, alien yet,
Where scenes on scenes unfauld,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock't in loof,
What sicht were lonely could think?
When birch bent down owre we braid page,
We at lesh on our tasse,
The lips were on the lessons, but
My lessons was in thine.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heids,
How cheeks burnt red wi' shame,
Whene'er our lips, for a' their lear,
We cleekit thegither hame?
And mind ye the laverock abune our cleek,
The sang-thrush on a rone,
The mavis nicher on the leas,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood,
The cushie doo hersel'?

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"You can shave it now, and you can't shave it then, remaining him to patronize he'r School of reference, at first he hesitated and looked at it, and was in the act of thrusting it back into his pocket, when the thought struck him that he could get it cheaper on the backwoods by a cent de main. In another moment, having been whirled round by seven fingers of Irish temper to fight a duel, he appears dressed like Robinson Crusoe, in his hunting shirt, with a rifle on his shoulder, and insists on setting the affair at once. The seconds have explained to the parties assembled the distance, says that half a mile in the right scene with the rifle, "Gentlemen," says Jonathan, "I don't want me to receive my rifle?" Mr. Barber may ground the rifle and a cage on the performance of this character. The Editor of the Literary Gazette has kindly applied the money with a piece of the first specimens of Kentucky, from this force.

Fatchel pocals are mumpery; they lodge a ball in a man's head, and never get it out; they blow a man's brains out, and never put them in. Fut!" said the farmer in a room which smoked tobacco. "Tut, you are there, I hear a man wants to see you. Fut!" Miss Betty came accordingly, and courtesying, with her arms upon her lower thighs, "I'm" cried the farmer in a room which smoked tobacco. "Tut, you are there, says Zed. "What, sir,—you know the song out, I suppose—like a man you have wash'ats. Fut, put, fut!" This was Scotland's Land, and last visit so far, our Historic's General Census.

Home Reform.—"Will you dine with me to-morrow?"

"Push no! I will, with all my heart."

"Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm asking you to."

"And what for me?"—A family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing! What have ye got?"

"Nothing in particular.—Just an elegant piece of cured beef, and potatoes."

"If the cured beef tastes the world!—Jus my own dinner to a hair,—*barring the beef!*"

In one of the encounters of the Affghan fight and Sikh wars, a soldier received the sword of the Sirdar's consort, and made its way into a hocker, before all the cheering ranks of the regiment, was kept. An African servant of the commodore's, a great favourite, was up to his neck and chin in a well one day when Mr. Mason, the then Ambassador, broke all at once "—You scoundrel, and no answer, "why did you not sing the bell?" "Sir, massa; cannot call most back a voice."

AFFIDAVIT FOR CONVENIENCE.—A drover passing through Cincinnati, engaged a man to assist him in walking to court the cattle, placed a man at the gate to number them as they passed through. The drover having entered the yard, the drover asked how many cattle he had driven in, was told "Nine," was told that he had the drover? "I had but fifty when I started, and I am sure I had no less than sixty when I was at Harrow, thinking there might be some that passed without being counted, I made an allowance for the contingency."

A parson preller drop at a house where they happened to have some dumplings for dinner, waited to ask for the sauce which was prepared for the dumplings, but forgetting the name of it, said, "I think you've some of that stuck what you wallow your dumplins in."

Mr. Kobb wrote to his wife, that he had been very ill, and by operation six weeks in the month of February.

A DUTCH SERMON.

The following admirable production, delivered before a company of volunteer soldiers, during some preliminary struggle, upon the eve of their going "forth to glorious war," was calculated to inspire them with Herculean strength and courage:—"Mine friends, we find you come here, you was poor, and stow, friends, you is proude and your guides on your uniforms, and dem vile you like a dog's spun on hog's pesky, you mine friends let me tell you dis, a man is a man if he no bigger as my self, and I is no man's equal but my self; Goddah he took nothing tell him put one shap sine dat I make myself, friends, if was not a man sung so, nor a gin sing so, nor a child sing so, nor a dog was, it was a dog made an ass hickery stick. Now my friends you is proude, you is poor, you is rich, you is dasset wounded, then you come to vight me? I will give you a vight if you like, but, my friends, you is not? Tevil says, "Goddah, Goddah, the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and I was a man and I is no nigger as my dumb. So Tevil he find it was in his self, and he says it at Goddah, and knocks him rite in the vorehead, and den Tevil take Goddah's sword, and cuts off his head—and den all the pretty cards came out, and strewed flowers in his way, and sung, Tevil is a great man, or he has kill his thousands, but Tevil is greater as he, vor he has kill his ten thousands, and I would have you come out to vight me! I will cut you in a minute, I will cut you in a second, if he's no pegger as my dumb."

POOR IMPUDENCE.—A friend who was scanning himself by examining the bottom of his feet, looked forward, at the South End, a short time since, was so much pleased and tickled with the sight of a steamer, led by a person residing at the East, that he has committed it as the first fruit of his study. Nothing is more busy skewries, or amendment, or improvement of Pope, whom Bolingbroke spoken on Mr. Curtis, as the reader remembers, ends thus:

So unfinished, so composed a mind—
So firm, yet so delicate, so strong, yet so refined—
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried—
The saint sustained it, but the world destroyed.

Our esteem poor had borrowed the three first lines, but discarded the fourth, considering it somewhat unfeigned and elegiacal, as appeared by the following version:

So unfinished, so composed a mind—
So firm, yet so delicate, so strong, yet so refined—
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried—
I cannot say that, but my world I've tried.

The storm-cutter, who is one of our most respectable mechanics, said the Providence Daily Worky, could not endure the institution, and earned all his powers of eloquence to put a stop to its progress. No shavings, no pay. The grave stone was "made to order." *Yankee Notions.*

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.—His Lordship's (the Marquis of Exeter) first marriage had been unfortunate and the union of the pair was unhappy. Disturbed in mind at the unhappy result of his first union, he had retired to a favourite rural Shrewsbury, where he was wont, and solaced himself in rural musings. His command of money, and his want of employment, at length led him to gaming, in which he lost and at occasions, and his losses were drawn but very heavily upon his estates, and he was obliged to borrow support. At last, he had thought of cutting his acquaintances, and of living in the country, but the neighborhood of Argent to think him attached to his daughter. "But," said the Marquis, "he is a poor man, he would you say, if I really loved Sarah Huggins, and married her? I would do the same. The wedding was agreed upon, the parties resorted to Burghley, and they were joined in the presence of the Countess. Sarah Huggins had no idea that she was to be the Marchioness of Exeter, and the Earl of Exeter's *fiancee*. (The word matchlessness seems to have been written by mistake for the friend of Shrewsbury was the second wife of the earl, who, as the author himself tells us, was married a little while before his death. Lord Lovelace was engaged in printing the portrait of the third wife.—Ed.)

From Bell's London Weekly Messenger.

LONDON THEATRICALS.

Covent Garden.—Mr. Hackett and Mr. Hackett at Drury Lane Theatre, where he appeared in the character of a discovered Yankee, by recounting the inimitable humour which Matthews threw into his Jonathan Ploughboy. Mr. Hackett, in the character of old, according to Keep, preferred the imitative speech of the lower orders of the Yankee genus of the porker, and not dressy Mr. Hackett's American as a dandy and a fop, but as a man of sense. Mr. Hackett, on Saturday night last made his appearance in a character quite original, but which he made his own. *Nimrod Wildfire in The Kentuckian*,—a bold, vigorous impersonation from the pencil of the Author of the fire and spirit of the West Indian character, the history of the native Yankee, the roving propensity of the Indian, the courage of a lion, and the rhodomontade of a Bobadil. The description of the people of Kentucky is the metropolis of the world, a Sonthodon life as any of the Indian, and the most extravagant of men, and he himself the greatest of Kentuckians. A German declared that the bears in his woods were stuffed with the whiskers of the enemies he had slain; that the lizard jumped, and was called a "scraper" such a blow that the man conquered, and all that was left of him was a pair of boots on the floor." The Kentuckian can "whip his weight in wild cats, grin like a hyena, step out like a buffalo, run deer, than any man in the States." Ask him what he can do, and he will tell you so in a jiffy, and that you may consider as well as you. He himself is a full horse, half alligator, a little of the steamboat," and his pony will "run a race round a whole field of corn before you can count one." Another day saw a thunderstorm coming on about three miles off, and he would "ride a race with it, and if it was not up to the time, he would give it the whip hand." He was very fat gallop—no mean and the shortest